THE SOULES SOLILOQUIE: AND, A CONFERENCE WITH CONSCIENCE.

As it was delivered in a *SERMON* before the KING at *Newport* in the Isle of *Wight*, on the 25 of *October*, being the *monthly Fast*, during the late TREATY.

BY

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THE SOVLS SOLILOQUIE: AND, A Conference with Conſcience.

PSAL. 42. V. 5.

Why art thou caſt downe, O my ſoule, and why art thou diſquieted within me?

THis Pſalme was directed to the Sons of *Core*, but with this Inſcription, *In finem intellectûs filiis Core*, implying a caution, that they ſhould be ſure, they underſtood what they ſung; which that they might the eaſier doe, you ſhall find this very Verſe *thrice* repeated over; *twice* in *this* Pſalme; *once* in the *next*: ſuch Repetitions being uſuall, when God would awake the Memory: As he does in the 136 *Pſal.* where, that his Mercy might not be forgotten, (without any danger of Tautologie) *ſeven and twenty* times he repeats it over, *For his mercy endureth for ever.*

If we look on This Pſalme in the Generall current of

it, we ſhall find it divided between Light and Darkneſſe; Here a Clowd, and There a Sun-ſhine; Here a Soule Caſt downe, and There Erected: But if we looke upon theſe words onely, we ſhall find more clowd then ſun-ſhine. Like a picture, Commended rather by the ſhadowing of it, then the Colours. For however the Anthemes ſung in the upper Choyre in the *Triumphant* Church, have ever been of joy, yet in the *Militant*, Gods lower Choyre hath ever been of Mourners. Among us, he that Sets the ſaddeſt tunes, proves the beſt Muſician: For, where the ground-work is our *Sin*, the deſcant on it, muſt needs be our *Sorrow*.

As Saint *Ambroſe* therefore told his Auditory, That they ſhould not looke in his Sermon for matter to *Applaud*, but *Mourne* with him; So, while I touch upon this ſtring of ſorrow, if any here ſenſible of their ſinne, or miſery, anſwer *me* with *a ſigh*, or GOD that ſpeaks to them *By me* with *a Teare*, it ſhall be my *Joy*, as St. *Paul* told the *Corinthians*, That *I have made them ſorry*.

But, if there be others that think the Text too melancholy for this Place, that come rather to have their *Eares pleaſed*, then their *Hearts wounded*; To theſe, I muſt alter my Note, and ſay, as St. *Hierome* did to *Sabinian*, *Hoc ipſum plango, quod vos non plangitis*, This makes *me* ſorry, that nothing can make *you* ſo.

But, as many that go to ſee *dead bodies* cut up, although they came not with the purpoſe to learne *Anatomy*, yet go away informed by that ſight, what kind of ſubſtance the Heart is, the forme and poſture of it; where abouts the Spleen lies, or where the Liver; ſo you, that came not hither purpoſely to heare of ſorrow, yet when you have looked a while on this Anatomy, when you have ſeen this *Prophet* how he diſſects himſelf,

rifling

rifling his breaſt, and cutting up his entrals, you may chance to go away inſtructed too, (perhaps againſt your wills) what the *Soule* is, or what the *Conſcience*, what is that ſorrow of the *one*, or what that diſquiet of the *other*; for theſe are the Leſſons that I am now to read you, Theſe are the Troubles that made *David* crie, *Why art thou caſt downe, ô my ſoule, and why art thou diſquieted within me?*

Athanaſius counſell'd his friend, that when any trouble ſhould fall upon him, he ſhould fall preſently to the reading of this *Pſalme*; For there was a way, (he thought) of curing by the *like*, as well as by the *contrary*: for 'tis obſerved indeed that when two inſtruments are tuned to the ſame Uniſon, if you touch the ſtrings of the *one*, the ſtrings of the *other* will move too, though untouch'd, if placed at a convenient diſtance: That therefore you may trie the ſame experiment in your ſelves, doe but ſet your affections for a time in the ſame key, in which theſe words were ſpoken, if really you *feel* none, *Imagine* ſome affliction laid upon you; when you have done ſo, that you may be the more fully moved, place your attention at a Convenient diſtance, looke narrowly on this *Holy Prophet*, obſerve how he retires himſelf, ſhuts out the world, calls his ſad ſoule, to as ſad a Reckoning, *Quare tam triſtis?* O my ſoule! thou that wert infuſed to give me Life, nay, ſaies *Philo the Jew*, A ſpark, a beame of the Divinity, thou, which ſhould'ſt be, to this darke body of Mine, as the Sun is to the Earth, inlightning, quickning, cheering up my ſpirits, tell me, why art *thou* clowded? why art *thou* caſt downe?

This is the *firſt Interpellation* of the Soule, as Saint *Ambroſe* calls it; but the *next* is more abrupt, more troubleſome, cauſed rather by pangs, and gripes, and tumults,

then by ſorrow; when the Sinner feeling thornes in his ſides, fire in his bones, warre in his Conſcience, can hold no longer from expoſtulating, Not onely *why art thou caſt downe?* But as *Symachus* renders it, *Why art thou diſquieted, not within me onely, but againſt me?*

You ſee then the *two* maine parts of my *Text*. The ſubject of the *firſt*, *The Dejection of the Soule*: the *Argument* of the *latter*, the *Diſquiet of the Conſcience*. But becauſe there are other obſervations worth the looking after, We muſt firſt make a *generall* diſcovery of this Enquiry, *Why art thou caſt down, O my Soule?* &c.

The words imply rather a *Soliloquie*, then a *Dialogue*: yet *Clemens of Alexandria* calls it a *Proſopopœia*, where *one* is made *two* by way of fiction. But however, there are not many at this Conference, Onely two, if two, Man and his Soule: for *Tota domus duo ſunt*: yet two ſometimes ſuch ſtrangers, that man may ſay of his ſoul, as the *Epigrammatiſt* did of his ſullen neighbour, *In Urbe totâ, nemo tam propè, tam proculque nobis*, None lives more neer me, nor none farther off: or as *Myrrha* complained, She could not enjoy her owne Father, becauſe he was too much her *owne*: *Nunc quia jam Meus eſt, non eſt meus, ipſaque damno eſt mihi proximitas*. So becauſe my Soule is *mine*, therefore it is *not mine*. Nothing ſo much as *nearneſſe* makes us ſtrangers. The truth is, that though *Aquinas* tels us, That 'tis one of the Prerogatives of the ſoule, to reflect upon her ſelfe; yet the ordinary Glaſſe we uſe, is rather Diaphonous then Reflexive; We looke not *in* it on our ſelves, but *through* it on others; which hath made ſome imagine the Soule to be of that nature as Moiſture is, which *Philoſophy* concludes to be bounded, *facilè alienis terminis, difficilimè ſuis*, with any thing eaſier then it ſelfe.

But

But to examine this farther. Why ſhould my ſoule and I become ſuch ſtrangers? Why like my two eyes? There is not an inch betweene them, yet one eye never ſees the other. It is as Saint *Bernard* confeſſeth of himſelfe, *Nihil eſt corde meo fugacius.* The heart is a kind of Runagate, harder to be fix'd then Quick-ſilver. So that, if I *would* I cannot find it out. Or is it, that few of us can look on our Wounded Soules, with that patience, as on the ſoules of others; Like ſome Chyrurgians, that (I have ſeene) faint at a ſcar of their owne, yet could unmoved either ſeare, or ſcarrifie, or launce the fleſh of others? Or (to looke no farther for it) Are we elſe in that ſtrait which Biſhop *Anſelme* was in his Meditations, when he cryes out, *Gravis Anguſtia! Si me inſpicio, non tolero meipſum; ſi non, neſcio meipſum; ſi me conſidero, terret me facies mea; ſi non, fallit me damnatio mea: ſi me video, horror eſt; ſi non video, mors. What ſhall I doe? If I looke into my ſelfe, I ſhall not endure my ſelfe; if not, I ſhall not know my ſelfe: If I conſider what I am, the face of my ſins affrights me; if not, my damnation ſteales upon me: to ſee my ſelf is horror; not to ſee my ſelfe is death.*

But, what ever the betraying motives are, the effect (I am ſure) is dangerous: For he that willingly puts out the *Taper* of his *Conſcience*, the *Candle* which God hath ſet there for him, to ſee himſelfe by, let him know, that he is paſſing from that *voluntary* darkneſſe to a worſe; that like an Offender on the Scaffold, he doth but blind his *eyes* to have his *head* cut off. But Saint *Auguſtines* Prayer ſhall goe along with me, *Noverim me Domine, noverim te: Let me know my ſelfe, O God, ſo ſhall I know thee.* In my Afflictions (what ever become of my other friends) let me have, at leaſt, my Soule to talk

talk to. May *Sinne* never *divorce* us, nor the *Devil* never make us *ſtrangers*; That, when Thou ſhalt ſet me up for a marke for all thine Arrowes, when *thou ſhalt fill me with bitterneſſe, and cover me with ſorrowes*, I may not then feare to aske, *Why art thou caſt downe O my ſoule, and why art thou, &c.*

It was a *Proverbiall* ſpeech among the *Jewes*, when they would Characterize an extravagant Buſie-body, to ſay of him, *Ben-Zoma nunquam eſt domi, This man is never at home:* But God loves no ſuch ſtraglers; you ſhall heare him call to his people, by his Prophet *Eſay*, *Come my people, enter into your chambers, ſhut the doores upon you.* But *Quænam iſta cubicula*, ſaith Saint *Auguſt. niſi ipſa corda?* What are theſe Chambers that God calls us to, but our owne hearts? What is it to ſhut the doores upon us, but to ſhut out the world? Yea but this is not all: I have heard of men that have barr'd, and lock'd, and bolted doores upon themſelves, and yet all that while have been playing with a feather, or with ſome thoughts as light. Therefore in the fourth Pſalme, God goes farther, *In cubilibus veſtris compungimini*, as the Old Tranſlation hath it: Or, as our Bibles render it, *Examine*, or *Commune with your owne hearts in your chambers.*

Yea, but this is not enough neither; for the *foole* could doe as much, he could commune with his owne ſoule, *Soule, thou haſt much goods laid up for many yeeres, Live at eaſe therefore, eate, drinke, and be merry, take thy pleaſure*. The ambitious man can doe as much, he can talke of ſuch an honour, ſuch a preferment, as if he now enjoy'd it.

But this is not the *Argument* we are to treat on, this is not to *ſhut out* the world, to have ſo much of the world *within*

within us. The Roman that *Seneca* ſpeaks of, had a better way then this, to keep his ſoule as cleane, as good Huſwives keep their Plate; for every night he look'd into it, wiping off the duſt, clearing the ſpots of it, examining it on ſeverall *Interrogatories*, *Quod malum hodie ſanaſti? cui vitio obſtitiſti? quâ parte melior es?* Tell me, my ſoule, What ſin haſt thou this day conquer'd? what paſſion haſt thou powerfully reſiſted? how art thou improved ſince the morning? or how decayed? But when he had done this, when he had made this accompt with the day, *O qualis ſomnus! quam altus! quam tranquillus!* how ſweet a ſleep did ever follow! how innocent! how untroubled! What think you, beloved? Shall not this Morall Heathen riſe up in judgement againſt them that lie downe in their beds, as the beaſt doth in the Litter, without any ſuch enquiry made upon themſelves, nay without ſo much as bidding their owne ſoules Good night? Or ſhall he not riſe againſt them, who when God viſits them with croſſes, have a conceipt, they can drowne their griefe in exceſſe of Wine, or out-roare their Conſcience with loud Inſtruments, calling for *company*, when they ſhould call for *Prayers*; Buſineſſes, or ſport, or any thing, rather then their owne ſoules that troubled them? The Jews had a cuſtome indeed to give them Wine that were to ſuffer death, that they might leſſe feele their tormenrs, (a cuſtome not yet out-dated in ſome Forraigne Parts, at Executions.) But it is obſervable, that when they offered our Saviour *Wine* at his Paſſion, he received it not; but when they gave him *Vinegar*, he took it: Not becauſe the Wine was bitter of the Myrrhe, as many of the Interpreters conceive; for *Vinum Myrrhanum* or *Myrrhinum*, as *Plautus* calls it, may be ſweet Wine, for any

thing I find. But the reaſon rather was, (if we beleeve Saint *Chryſoſtome*) that, that Wine being of a ſtupifying quality, the Sonne of God that took on him all our ſorrowes, He would be ſenſible of every naile that pierc'd his hands, or feet, of every thorn that ran into his head: And was he ſenſible of his ſorrowes, and ſhall not we be ſenſible of our ſinnes, that cauſed thoſe ſorrows? Shall we ſtill deale with our ſouls, as Women when they grow old, deale with their Looking-glaſſes, turning the wrong ſide towards them? How comes it elſe, that we that have the courage to *dare to ſin*, have not the courage to look back on our ſouls when *we have ſinned?* Had we the leaſt wound in the Body, we ſhould not ſleep till we had ſeene it dreſt; But we have Soules all mangled over, ulcerated with Luſt, impoſtumated with Malice, wounded with Temptations; yet as the Levite paſſed by the wounded man, ſo every man paſſeth by his owne ſoule too, not ſo much as asking how it came hurt.

But how ſhall I move thee *wretched* and *careleſſe* ſinner? Shall I tell thee, that as thy *ſoule* is an *immortall ſubſtance*, ſo the wages of thy ſinne is as *Immortall as thy ſoule*, an immortall and everlaſting death: That in the next life thou ſhalt ſee thy ſelfe with trembling, if in this life thou turneſt away thine eye in wilfulneſſe. But I forbeare; It is an argument that concerns us all ſo nearly, that I will not doubt, but it hath already made impreſſion; That there are ſome here, that by this time, are beginning a Dialogue with their ſoules, that are reſolved to renew their acquaintance with them. You have a Royall Example for it, I am ſure, for you have no leſſe then a King that hath led the way; He it is that begins the accompt, commends the Inquiſition to you. If therefore any trouble ariſe, away every one of you to his owne

owne home, *diſcuſſe examine*, commune with thy ſelf, *Why art thou caſt downe, O my ſoule, and why art thou diſquieted*, &c.

Having done therefore with the *examination* in generall, the Parties, the Manner, the Neceſſity; Our next work muſt be to ſurvey the *firſt interrogatory*, *Why art thou caſt downe O my ſoule?*

Sorrow is Sin's Eccho, which made the *Prophet* ſay, *Peccata noſtra reſponderunt nobis*, our ſins have anſwer'd, and (as it were) ecchoed to us: But as the Eccho anſwers not the voice ſo well, as where there are broken walls, and ruined buildings to return it: ſo neither doth Sorrow anſwer unto ſin, unleſſe reverberated by a *broken*, *a ruined* heart: For, I have read of a melancholy man, that could not believe he had an Head, till his Phyſitian having made a Leaden hat for him, with the weight of that, forced him to crie out, *O his head!* ſo there are men amongſt us, ſo *loſt* in ſenſuall pleaſure, ſo *buried* in their fleſh, that til miſchief, like ſheets of lead, be thrown upon them, to ſqueez out a Confeſſion, they have much adoe to remember, that they have a *Soule* within them. Not to go farther then this *Prophet* for an Inſtance, when almoſt an whole yeare (as *Cajetan* computes the time) he lay aſleep in the dregs of his ſin, (his foule adultery with *Uriahs* Wife) where was his ſorrow? or where then was his Soule? well then might he crie out, O his *Body*, ſaith S. *Auguſtine*, but ô! his *Soule* was cleane forgotten; nay, they farther had a conceipt, that during all that time, *Ipſa anima Davidis tranſierat in carnem*, the very *Soule* of *David* was turned into *fleſh*. But no ſooner did God begin to ſhake his rod over him, to puniſh him with the raviſhing of his Daughter, the *murder* of *one* Son, the *rebellion* of *another*, but inſtantly

we find him, *mourning as a Turtle, chattering as a Crane, ſitting alone as a Sparrow on the houſe top.* The Devil had given him a Fall, but he felt not that, Sin had given him *many*, but he felt not them neither; At laſt God undertook him, *he at whoſe very word the mountains ſmoake*; he threw him downe, and *this fall* onely made him feel *all the reſt*; This onely made him crie, *Why art thou caſt downe, O my ſoule?*

It is memorable in *Job*, that upon the ill news that was brought him, inſtantly *ſurrexit Job*, ſaith the Text, when one would have thought he would rather have *ſwounded* and *fallen downe* for grief, then he *aroſe*. But we find our *Prophet* in another kind of poſture, dejected, proſtrate, caſt downe in his more noble part, yet S. *Hierome* goes not ſo far, who tranſlates it according to *Symmachus*, Why art thou *bowed* downe? Affliction is a burden; true, but though it *bow* us, yet we may *ſtand* under it; But ſin is a burden that goes beyond the extent of that word, that doth not onely *bow*, but *caſt* us downe, which makes Saint *Chriſoſtome* ſay, *Nihil eſt grave niſi peccatum*, that nothing is heavy but ſin; nothing ſo heavy, as to caſt us down, not poverty, not ſickneſſe, not diſgrace, nor any thing, that the wit of ſullenneſſe, or melancholy can deviſe. As for ſuch afflictions as thoſe, *Know you not*, ſaith Saint *Paul, that all ye that are baptized into Jeſus Chriſt, are baptized into his death*, that is, ſaith Saint *Hierome*, as into his *faith*, ſo into his *ſufferings* too: ſo that it is part of our engagement in our Baptiſme. Beſides, think of it well, and what is there in that Cup of bitterneſſe, which thy *Saviour* hath not taſted, for *prior bibit Medicus, ut bibere non dubitaret ægrotus*, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*: He began to thee in *all*, to encourage thee to follow him; nay, to thy comfort,

Ambroſe

Ambroſe adds a degree farther, *Non tam hæc* ante *te quam* pro *te ſuſtulit*, His ſufferings were not onely *before* thee, but *for* thee. Wouldſt not thou think him a ſtrange Phyſitian, who when he came to cure thee of a Feaver, ſhould himſelf drink up the Potion? Yet thus did thy Saviour, *Thine* was the *ſickneſſe*, but *he* that was *not ſick* he *kept the diet:* Thine the feaver, but it was he that ſweat: Thine the Pluriſie, but 'twas he that bled for it: Who then can conſider this without erecting his dejected Soule? at leaſt, without a ſerious inquiſition into the reaſon of this melancholy? For, be not deceived, God is not alwaies taken with the head that hangs downe, with the folded armes, or with the melting eyes: For inſtance, when God told *Ezekiel*, that *he would ſhew him a ſtrange abomination*, what was it but, Behold there ſate a Woman weeping for *Adonis?* for *Tammuz* ſaith our tranſlation, for ſo (according to Saint *Hierome*) the *Hebrews* named the *Adonis* of the Heathen, for as *Venus* mourned for her loſt *Adonis*, ſo ſinners for their pleaſures, when they are either ſnatch'd from them, or outdated. The exhauſted Adulterer, whoſe luſt outlives his body, that mournes not for having offended God, but for not being able to offend him longer, he is one of thoſe *plangentes*. He againe that hath his wealth taken from him, the occaſion of his ryot, that is *temperate* only becauſe he is *needy*, and *ſorry*, becauſe he is *either*; he is another Mourner of the train: ſo that you ſee, there may be a kind of wantonneſſe in Grief, an effeminateneſſe of the mind, that melts upon all occaſions.

But conſider I beſeech you the value of the *Soule*, that is thus *caſt downe*, That your Sights are the breath of Heaven, your Teares are the wine of Angels, your Groanes the Eccho's of the Holy Ghoſt, that therefore to imploy this ſacred Treaſure in prophane expen-

ces, to lay it out on the trifles of this world, is a Sin no leſſe then Sacriledge; Be therefore more thrifty of your ſorrow, for the time may come, when you ſhall want thoſe ſighs, which now ſo impertinently you throw away; nay, ſaith *Bonaventure*, ſhould the Devil ſet thee on that Pinacle where he had our Saviour, ſhould he offer thee all the Kingdomes of the whole world for one Teare, to be ſpent in his ſervice, O doe not give it him, for on thy death-bed, for that One Teare, perhaps thou wouldſt give a thouſand worlds.

Think of this, ye that *feel* the heavineſſe of your Soul, think of it ye that doe *not*, for ye *may* feel it. Know there is a *ſorrow that worketh repentance, not to be repented of*; Know againe *there is a ſorrow that worketh Death*. Remember there were *tears*, that got ſinfull *Mary* heaven, Remember again, there were tears that could get *Eſau nothing*. For as in Martyrdome it is not the ſword, the boyling lead, or fire, not *what* we ſuffer, but *why*, that makes us Sufferers: ſo in our ſorrows, it is not how deep they wound, but *why*, that juſtifies them. Let every one therefore, that hath a troubled heart, aske his ſoule the *why*, *Why art thou caſt downe?* Is it not for thine owne ſins, or for the ſins of others? take either of them, thine eyes will have a large field to water; Is it for that thou haſt been a Child of wrath, a Servant of the Devil? Is it for that thou art a Candle ſet in the wind, blowne at by ſeverall temptations? or is it for that thou wouldſt be freed from them? *Woe is me that I dwell in Meſech, that I dwell ſo long in the tents of Kedar*. Art thou troubled, as Saint *Auguſtine* was, when he read that the way to Heaven was narrow, the number ſmall, that travail'd thither? Or haſt thou put on Saint *Bernards* reſolution, who had made a compact with his Soule, never to joy till

till he had heard his Saviour call him, *Come thou bleſſed*, nor never to leave ſorrowing till he had eſcaped the bitter ſentence, *Goe ye curſed?* If any of theſe be the *Why*, the ground of thy ſorrowes, if ſuch thoughts have caſt thee downe; know, that thy Saviour hath already bleſſed thee; For, *Bleſſed are they that mourne.* The Angels are thy ſervants, they gather thy teares; God is thy Treaſurer, he layes them up in his bottle; the holy Ghoſt is thy Comforter, he will not leave thee. Feare not then to be thus *caſt downe*, feare not to be thus *diſquieted within thee.* Thus having ſail'd through *one* ſea of bitterneſſe, the Dejection of the ſoule, we are againe to ſet forth, but in a roughet ſtorme, the Trouble of the Conſcience, implyed in the next Interrogatory, *Why art thou diſquieted within me?*

The Conſcience is *in* the ſoule, but none can tell well, whether a portion of it; none can tell you what, whether it be an *Habit*, or an *Act*, or *both*; whether in the *Underſtanding*, or in the *Will*, or in *both*; whether *Practicall*, or *Theoricall*, or mixt of both, is ſtill diſputed. But Saint *Auguſtine* gives me the truer ſatisfaction, *Sentio, quam non Intelligo*, I *feele* thee Conſcience, though I doe not *underſtand* thee. For as they whom Statesmen employ as Spies, though they mingle with all companies, yet keep themſelves concealed: ſo the Conſcience which is Gods *Informer*, ſent by him, as a Spie into the Soule, mixeth with all our thoughts, as well as actions; and though we know not what the *Conſcience* is, yet what *We* are, our Conſcience knowes full well. Yet as I have ſeene Lines drawne upon a wall with a coale, ſo far reſemble a face, as he that look'd on it at leaſt might gueſſe at it: ſo the Ancient Fathers have ventur'd at ſome Expreſſions of this ſubtile, ſpirituall thing, the Conſcience. First,

First, if we look to the Nature of it, they tell us, that *Conſcience is an habit of the ſoule, not acquir'd, but created with it:* That it is an *Inviſible Inſtinct*, or a *Practicall Syllogiſme*, by which we conclude what we *ſhould* doe, and what *not*. If we look farther for the *uſe*, for the *Office* of it, *Origen* calls it *Pædagogum Animæ*, the buſie *Pædant of the Soul*, varying as our actions vary, now diſcouraging, ſtraight heartning, approving here, reproving there; Or, if this be not enough, *Tertullian* ſhall tell you, that it is *Præjudicium Judicii*, a kinde of *Antidated day of Judgement*, a *domeſtick Doomes-day*, or as Saint *Baſil* tells you, that it is *Naturale Judicatorium*, the very *Conſiſtory of the Law of Nature*. A ſtrange Court, where (almoſt againſt nature) the Plaintife, the Defendant, the Judge, the Witneſſe, all is but one. For, ——*Me mihi perfide prodit*, may every man ſay, the Conſcience againſt the Conſcience, bringing in Evidence, producing the Law, proving the Forfeit, urging the Penalty, giving the Sentence, beginning the Puniſhment.

But art thou ſenſible of this, O my ſoule? that thou carryeſt thine Accuſer, thy Judge, nay thy Hell, or if not Hell, I am ſure, one of the paines of it, about thee in thine owne boſome? Doſt thou know withall, that it is a Volume which no *Jeſuite* can corrupt, nor no *Index Expurgatorius* ſtrike a Letter out of it; That it is the onely Book of all thy Library that ſhall goe along with thee into the world to come? Art thou verily perſwaded, Saint *John* hath not deceived thee, when he tels thee, in the 20. of the *Revel.* That on that *terrible day of Judgement* this Booke of thine (though now never ſo cloſe ſhut up) ſhall be then throwne open in the ſight of God, in the view of all his Angels: Doſt thou not reckon of theſe things, onely as bug-bears to affrighten

thee,

thee? But art thou perſwaded thus in earneſt? If ſo, O my ſoul, wert thou cut out of the rock, or marble, yet theſe are thoughts would make a way into thee, wert thou as rugged as the *Alpes*, yet this vineger would eat into thee, no wonder then, that ſuch a Meditation caſt thee down, or that thou art diſquieted within me.

They that call the Conſcience *ſcintillam Animæ*, the ſpark of the Soule, make an enquiry, whether this ſpark may be put *out* or *no*? But the generall verdict goes, it never *was* extinguiſhed, no not in *Cain*, nor *Judas*, it never *will* be not in the moſt deſperate Sinner; for caſt this ſparke into a ſea of thy ſinnes, yet it will live there even in that ſea: ſcatter it abroad even in the wilderneſſe of thy thoughts, or cover it with the multitude of thine employments, yet it will live there too: no Cord can ſtrangle it, nor no hand ſtifle it. *Perire nec ſine Te, nec Tecum poteſt*, It can neither die with thee, nor without the: yet as the pulſe doth not alwaies beat alike, but ſometimes is more violent, ſometimes more remiſſe; ſo neither is this ſpirituall pulſe, the Conſcience, alwaies in equall agitation, ſomtimes it beats, ſomtimes it intermits, but ſtraight againe is recurrent. If it come not ſo faſt, as a Quotidian Ague, yet look for it as a Tertian, or if it forbear thee longer, imagine it a Quartan, or if it obſerve *no* time, prepare for it in every piece of Time, for theſe fits will come again, there is no avoiding them.

Saint *Bernard*, a tried Phyſitian of the Conſcience, diſtinguiſheth four ſeverall habitudes, or ſtates of it; the firſt, *Tranquilla, non Bona*, a quiet Conſcience, but not a Good: the ſecond, *Bona, non Tranquilla*, a good Conſcience, but not a Quiet: the third, *nec Bona, nec Tranquilla*, neither Good, nor Quiet: the laſt, *tam Bona, quam Tranquilla*, as well Good, as Quiet. The firſt, *ſear'd*; the ſecond, *wounded*; the third, *deſperate*; the fourth, *happy*. They that are in the firſt ſtate, go the way of *Naball*, *who when he had ſlept*, (ſaith the Text)

 found

found his heart dead within him. They that are in the ſecond, go the way of *David*, ſtill bleſſed with Gods protection, yet ſtill complaining of his Anger. They that are in the third, go the way of *Caine*, with their backs againſt the Sun, not ſo much are with a look to Heaven. They that are in the laſt ſtate, go the way of Saints, with joy above their fellows. Give me leave therefore of theſe foure waies, to make a ſhort deſcription, which when I have done, let every one of you tell his owne ſoule in which of theſe paths, he now is travelling.

Firſt, to the moſt beaten way, *Tranquilla, non Bona*, the quiet Conſcience, not the Good. I may ſafely ſay, Hell gets more Paſſengers by this path, then by any; which makes the Devil ſo carefull in the dreſſing it, that he wil not leave a ſmall pible in the way, nor an uneven mole-hill to offend thee, as if he had bin once one of thoſe Angels to whom God had given the Charge *that thou ſhouldſt not hurt thy foot againſt a ſtone*. If thou chance to travell on the way, he ſings to thee; if to ſleep, he ſits by thee, whiſpering as ſoftly, as the Spouſe to the Daughters of *Jeruſalem*, (though to a far worſe end) *I charge you, O you* Tormentors of the heart, *that you ſtir not up, nor awake my beloved untill he pleaſe*. Let there be no outcrie of ſorrow, no noiſe of feare, no alarme ſounded of Repentance, but Peace, peace, Lie downe, lie downe in peace, with thy warme ſins cleaving to thy boſome. This is the *opium*, theſe are the charmes, by which ſo many ſouls are laid aſleep, but if ever ſleep were the true image of death, this is the ſleep. Saint *Hierome* knew the danger of it, when he made that paſſionate exclamation, *O qualis Tempeſtas iſta Tranquillitas!* what ſtorme ſo cruell as this calme? what rock, what ſhipwrack? None; *Let thy winds rage O God, and the ſea roare*, let the waves of thy puniſhments like Mountains fall upon me, ſplit and teare, and ſink this veſſel of my fleſh, rather then ever to let my ſoule be thus *becalmed*.

We read, that the *Grecians*, had an Hill ſo high above that region

region of the ayre where Winds are bred, that he that had drawn his name in the aſhes of the laſt years ſacrifices, might the next year at his return find the ſame Letters un-blowne away: but if any ones heart here be ſo calmly ſeated, that the Devil may at this inſtant read in the fluttiſh duſt of it, the ſins which long agoe he wrote there, if no thunder have clear'd the ayre about thee, nor no wind ſcatter'd thoſe guilty Characters; if all be huſh'd, ſilence, and reſt, and ſleep about the Conſcience, like the Country of the *Sibarites*, where not ſo much as a Cock, the Remembrancer of Saint *Peter*, was left alive to trouble them; If ſo, know then, that as long as this ſoule is thus benum'd, thy God hath given thee over, he will not ſo much as favour thee with a frown, or bleſſe thee with his anger. It may be true that perhaps thou doeſt not feel thy miſery, but therefore the more wretched, in Saint *Auguſtine's* judgment, becauſe thou doeſt not feel it; for, *Quid miſerius miſero, non miſerante ſeipſum? Cleopatra* that had not a mind to feel her death, poyſon'd her ſelf with *Aſpes*, that ſhe might die ſleeping; and juſt ſo is thy ſtate, thy habituall cuſtomary ſinnes, thoſe which thou drinkeſt down like water, as if they were no ſins, theſe are the Aſpes that doe benumme thy ſoule, as cold poyſon doth the brain, that caſts thee into a ſleep never to be awakened till the Worm that never ſleeps awake thee.

But, ſhall I leave thee ſo? As the *quartan Ague* is call'd *opprobrium Medici*, the ſhame of the Phyſitian; ſo this dead ſleep, this *Lethargie* of ſinne may be *opprobrium Theologi*, the ſhame of the Divine. I confeſſe, I never liked thoſe that put ſo much Vineger in their Sermons, as if their onely errand were, to eate out the hearts of their hearers; ſo much of the Law, as if the Goſpel were not yet given; for though bitter pills may be good phyſick, yet he that ſhould let his Patient eate no other meat then pills, would prove a mad Phyſitian: yet for all this, ſomething of bitterneſſe doth well, there muſt

be a ſearching of the wound, before there be a skinning. Feare not then thy remedy O my ſoule, but if thou findeſt this hardneſſe, this ſtupidity, this ſenſleſneſſe, within thee, get thee to Mount *Ebal*, ſee the Curſes that were given there, if they wound not deep enough, adde to theſe ſome few ſerious thoughts of *Hell*, of the *utter darkneſſe*, the *eternall fire*, the *everlaſting Worme*. But when thou haſt done this, doe not *dwell* there, but be ſure to look upward again to thy Saviour, *Downe* with thy *knees*, though thy heart be *ſtiffe*, up with thy *Hands*, at leaſt, to *Heaven*, though thy *ſoule* ſtir not; hope in thy God againſt hope, as *Abraham* did: get out but an ejaculation, a piece, a word of prayer, ever cleaving to the Rock of thy ſalvation *Chriſt Jeſus*, till from the clefts of that bleſſed Rock, thou hear his Mercy anſwer thee; for ſo in ſtead of a quiet conſcience, but not a *good*, God will give thee a *good Conſcience* though for a time *unquiet*, turning thee out of this ſleepy way of *Nabal*, into the ſighing way of *David*, which gives us the *next* proſpect of the Conſcience. *Bona, non Tranquilla*, a Good, but not a Quiet.

It is a *Maxime* in *Philoſophy*, that no Element is heavy in the proper place of it; For ſhould we dive into the bottome of the Sea, we ſhould not feele the weight of all thoſe waves that roul upon us; but out of the Ocean, to carry a ſmall pitcher of that water, would prove a burden. The like experiment we may finde in our ſelves, as long as we are in the Proper place, the *Element* of ſinne, we do not feele the *weight* of it, but once being out, the eaſieſt ſinne ſeemes heavy: We then ſtart at a ſinfull thought, who before would have leaped confidently from that *thought*, into the *action*. Or have we gone farther then thought? have we actually offended? Inſtantly our hearts ſtrike us, we complain, we grieve, we melt into repentance, our *very Souls are diſquieted within us*. But let us take heede we do not alwayes meaſure Gods anger, by this *diſquiet*; for the *diſquiet* may be the meanes to take away his

anger.

anger. Tis true, that there are ſinnes of infirmity that will ſtill creep upon us; there will be a continuall fight of the fleſh againſt the ſpirit: But yet, if with an unfeigned reluctancy we can then but cry, either as this *Prophet* did: *O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flie away, and be at reſt:* or as the *Apoſtle* did: *O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the body of* this *death?* aſſure your ſelf you ſhall not die, Sin may hang upon you, as the Viper did upon S. *Pauls* hand, but *poyſon* you it cannot: It may bring a damnability (as the Schoole ſpeakes) but not damnation.

Yea, but this is not all; Doth not God ſometimes wound deep the hearts of them he loves? Doth he not leave them in the ſenſe of his bitter wrath? Hath not this Saint of his felt as much, when he was enforced to cry, *Will God caſt me off for ever? will he be favourable no more? is his mercy clean gone, doth his promiſe faile for evermore? hath he forgotten to be gratious? hath he ſhut up his tender mercy in diſpleaſure?* Nay, hath not the Son of God felt as much? Were they not his words upon the Croſſe, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* What then can *we vile wormes* expect? He that could hide his face from thee, O bleſſed Saviour, how ſhall he ever turne againe his face to us? Yea but ſaith Saint *Bernard*, that turning away his face from *him*, is become the onely cauſe that he will *look* on thee. Since that time, ſaith that Father, if God *troubles* thee, it is, that thou ſhouldſt *pray* to him; if he *flyes* from thee, it is that thou ſhouldſt *find* him. *Origen* knew as much, when he ſaid, *Diſcedit Deus meus, ſed expecto iterum; venit, ſed elabitur; elapſus redit, ſed nondum teneo.* My God forſakes me often, but ſtill I wait for him againe; he comes, but againe he vaniſheth; and againe I have him, though I cannot hold him. Saint *Cyprian* knew as much, when he likened the acceſſes and receſſes, theſe commings and goings of God, to the quick flaſhes of Lightning; the entrance and departure

ſudden: for *Heavineſſe may endure for a night*, but as ſure as the morning Sun ſhall ariſe, ſo ſure ſhall thy morning joy, for *joy comes in the morning*. And ſo from this *way* we paſſe unto the *third*, a way rather to *look* on, then *walk* in: for this is *Cains* way, *nec Bona, nec Tranquilla*, a Conſcience that is neither Good nor Quiet.

An ill Conſcience is a ſleeping Lion, as ſoone as it awakes, it murthers; or like a Match laid to fire a trayne of Powder, it burnes dimly on, till at laſt at one fearfull clap it blowes up all. For this is the Devils *method*, firſt he makes us *ſenſeleſſe*, we feele not ſinne at *all*; next, he makes us *deſperate*, we feele our ſins *too much*. In the *ſenſeleſſe Fit*, we live as if there were no *Hell*; in the *deſperate Fit*, we die as if there were no *Heaven*. But make haſte to get out of this way, all ye that love your ſoules. Doe but conceive of God that he is not ſuch an one, as by any abſolute, peremptory decree hath either deſigned, or ordered, or ſealed you to damnation before-hand; nor ſuch a one that neceſſitates any of you to perdition: but as that communicable, diffuſive good, that hath ſo often proclaimed, he would *have All men ſaved*. For though at the Tribunall of your unquiet Conſciences, your ſins ſtand up againſt you as a Cloud of witneſſes, though the Evidence be brought in, the Accuſation proved, the Sentence given, yet as the condemn'd Felon at the Bar hath his *Booke* to ſave him, ſo God this day reacheth out to every one of you a *Booke*, that learned, unlearned, all may read in; the Leaves of it, the pure fleſh of your bleſſed Saviour; the letters of it drawn in blood; the pens that wrote it, thornes and ſcourges; the claſps of the Book, Nailes; the binding, the wood of the Croſſe; and the Title of it, *Jeſus of Nazareth, King of the Jewes*. Reade then, O deſperate ſinner! Reade but in this Book thy *Miſerere mei*: reade it with a *lively* and *active* faith: and though thy ſoule be even at the brink of death, the Sentence ſhall be reverſed, thy Accuſer ſhamed,

med, thy Pardon ſealed, and thy Conſcience quieted. God, I ſay, ſhall *ſnatch thee as a brand out of the fire*, and pulling thee out of *this way*, ſhall direct thee to a *better*, the *way* that we are now to ſpeak of, *tam Bona, quam Tranquilla*, a Conſcience as well *Good* as *Quiet*.

As the end of all motion is Reſt, ſo the laſt of theſe *waies*, the *end* of my Sermon, is the way of reſt: where the day is a perpetuall Sabbath, the diet a Continuall feaſt, a Conſcience Quiet, and Good too. Sure this muſt needs be the *Paradiſus ſine gladio*, which Saint *Bernard* ſpeaks of, the *Paradiſe without a ſword*, or *Templum Solomonis ſine Malleo*, the Temple built without the noiſe of an Hammer. This, none but this, is the ſpirituall Arke of the Covenant, the Court of God, the Cloſet of the Holy Ghoſt, what ſhall I adde? But I have already ſaid more then Saint *Auguſtine* did; for he had but named the *Peace of Conſcience*, to his Auditory, and they were ſo moved with it, as if in thoſe few words, he had ſhewn them all the joyes of Heaven: Beloved, my deſire ſhall be to leave you *ſo* affected, to leave you all in love with *a good Conſcience*. So far in love with it, as to prefer it infinitely beyond whatever elſe in this life is deare unto you.

But the hearts of Men are in thy hands O God, to thee therefore we turne our prayers, warme us all, we beſeech thee with the comfortable beams of thy mercy, inflame our cold affections, raiſe up our downe-caſt ſouls, ſpeak in thy ſoft whiſpers, to the wounded Conſcience, in thy lowd thunder to the ſeared: Make the Good Conſcience Quiet, and the Quiet Conſcience Good, that thy Judgments may Reclaime the one, thy Mercies may Relieve the other, and thy Everlaſting favour Crowne us All *world without end*, Amen, Amen, *Lord Ieſus*.

THE END.